

13 A. 9
29
E L I Z A;
A NEW MUSICAL
ENTERTAINMENT;

As performed at the
N E W T H E A T R E
In the *HAT-MARKET.*

Written by Mr. **R O L T.**

The Music composed by Mr. **A R N E.**



To be had at the Theatre. 1754.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

W. J. L. A.

MUSICAL

STRENGTH

MUSEUM
BRITAN
NICUM

CHARACTERS.

BRITANNIA,	<i>Mrs.</i> Arne.
LIBERTY,	<i>Miss</i> Scott.
PEACE,	<i>Miss</i> Isabella Scott.
Shepherdess,	<i>Miss</i> Isabella Young.
GENIUS <i>of</i> ENGLAND	<i>Miss</i> Poitier.
NEPTUNE,	<i>Mr.</i> Champnes.
Shepherd,	<i>Mr.</i> Sadler.

Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Sailors, &c.

*The Scene is supposed to lie in the Counties of Kent and
Essex.*

E L I Z A ;
A N E W
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

A C T I.
S C E N E I.

*A mountainous Country, with a prospect of the Sea ; and
Britannia discovered under the Rock, in a melancholy
Posture—After solemn Music, she comes forward.*

B R I T A N N I A.

Ambition ! where will all thy Horrors end ?
And when shall poor *Britannia* find Repose,
Beneath the Shade of her wide-spreading Oak ?
—Alas ! no more the sylvan Reign is mine :
The watry Empire owns my Sway no more !
Plenty throws down her Horn ; while *Peace*,

B

Affrighted,

Affrighted, tears the Olive from her Brow.

—What, then, must be the Anguish of my Heart?
And, *Liberty*, oh! what must thou endure?

A I R.

*Oh! for Music's pleasing Strain,
To soften, and assuage, my Pain:
For Music's heav'nly Voice inspires
Thoughts sublime, and soft Desires.*

S C E N E II.

BRITANNIA, and the GENIUS of ENGLAND.

*(The Genius, seeing Britannia in a disconsolate
manner, speaks as to the Audience.)*

G E N I U S.

What, poor *Britannia* in *Affliction's* Seat?

—Sad Mourner!—*Sorrow*, on thy fading Cheek,
Sits like a Blast upon the virgin Rose.

*(The Genius then approaches towards, and
addresses Britannia.)*

Rise, rise *Britannia*!——Hark! thy *Genius* calls,
To warn thee of impending Danger——See!
The Cloud appears; the Tempest is at hand;
And the sad Halcyon leaves her sea-flow'r'd Nest,
Prophetic of the Storm——*Britannia*, rise!

B R I.

E L I Z A.

3

B R I T A N N I A.

Oh, Heav'n ! from this dear Isle, avert the Storm.

G E N I U S.

*Glory ! thy Ray dispels the Gloom of Danger :
Britain ! thy Virtue scorns the Yoke of Spain.*

A I R.

I.

*Come, Britannia ! shake thy Lance ;
Plume thyself in martial Pride :
Haste ! thy glorious Shield advance ;
Take, again, thy gallant Stride.
Think, oh ! think on, all thy noble Story !
Rouze thee, rouze thee, to thy antient Glory !*

II.

*Leave that dreary, moss-worn Cell ;
'Tis the Hermit's dull Abode :
Honour, here, would scorn to dwell,
Glory shuns so mean a Road.
Think, oh ! think on, all thy noble Story !
Rouze thee, rouze thee, to thy antient Glory !*

III.

*Hasten, hasten, hence away ;
All thy martial Ardcour show :*

Clad in terrible Array,

Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry Foe.

Think, oh ! think on, all thy noble Story !

Rouze thee, rouze thee, to thy antient Glory !

B R I T A N N I A.

Lead thou my Steps : I follow, with a Heart
All-ominous, as the foul Screech-owl's Note
To village Nurses, when their Patient dies.

(Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *A rural Prospect.*

P E A C E.

As yet, secure, I range the wood-land Hills,
And hedge-bound Valleys : with the chearful Horn,
I make the Forest echo : from the Glade,
I drive the feather'd Race : or, on the Brinks
Of crystal Brooks, ensnare the finny Breed.
Our Flocks, our Harvests, yet are safe ; and, here,
The Goddess *Peace*, I see myself confest.

A I R.

I.

*Where chaste Dian keeps her Court,
Faunus, and the Wood-nymphs, sport*

There,

*There, the merry Roundelay,
Tells the Shepherds Holiday.*

II.

*Shepherds ! come, your Lasses bring ;
Hail the fragrant Breath of Spring.
Lasses ! haste ; the Dance begin :
Pastime, never, was a Sin.*

(Exeunt.)

S C E N E IV.

A mountainous Country, with a prospect of the Sea.

L I B E R T Y.

Breathing the Mountain-air, on *England's* Cliffs,
I scorn the Banks where once *Ilissus* roll'd
His Waves ; or where old *Tiber* spread his Stream :
Thames owns me, with superior Grace ; while, here,
I see my Throne of *Liberty* secure.
——Swell, ye huge Billows ; blow, ye furious Blasts,
Of *Spanish* Tyranny, and *Romish* Pride :
Ye shall not move me ! Like these mountain Oaks,
I'll rear my Front sublime, and bear the Storm,
Which, by its Rage, shall stronger fix my Root.

A I R.

I.

*Who'd know the Sweets of Liberty ?
'Tis to climb the Mountain's Brow :*

Thence,

*Thence, to discern rough Industry,
 At the Harrow, or the Plough :
 'Tis where my Sons their Crops have sown ;
 And call the Harvest all their own.*

II.

*'Tis where fresh Health blooms o'er the Cheek,
 Florid as the vernal Morn :
 Where Patriots should for Honour seek ;
 Merit never met with Scorn :
 Where Virtue shuns Corruption's Treat ;
 Blushing to call a Villain Great.*

III.

*'Tis where the Heart, to Truth ally'd,
 Never felt unmanly Fear ;
 'Tis where the Eye, with milder Pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet Pity's Tear.
 Such as Britannia yet shall see :
 These are the Sweets of Liberty !*

But, hark ! old *Proteus* winds the tuneful Shell :
 The sportive *Tritons* gambol o'er the Waves :
 The beauteous *Nereids* throng round *Neptune's* Car :
 And, see ! the God appears.

SCENE

E L I Z A.

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S C E N E V.

NEPTUNE and LIBERTY.

NEPTUNE.

—————Fair *Liberty*,
Hail to thy Shore! this consecrated Spot,
Where my imperial Trident I consign
To *Britain's* Hand; to give her Glory Date,
And fix her Empire o'er the naval World.

L I B E R T Y.

Then, *Britain* shall not perish by Oppression?

NEPTUNE.

First shall *Leviathan* desert the Deep,
And graze upon the verdant Mead: the Steer
Shall first forsake his Pasture; and the Kids
Leap from their Mountains, to the Sea's rich Bed,
Where the slow Sea-horse, and the Porpoise feed.

A I R.

I.

See, yon rolling, roaring Ocean;

Chaos-like, in troubled Motion:

So Spain's Navy bears its Thunder!

Spreading, round each neighb'ring Nation,

Horror, Death, and Desolation;

Filling Men with Fear and Wonder!

Soon,

II.

*Soon, the Waves no more shall fright ye ;
Softer Scenes shall soon delight ye :*

*This Trident shook ; the Storm is over !
Thus, shall Spain perceive her Ruin ;
Britain, thus, her Foe subduing,
Spain, from the Blow, shall ne'er recover.*

But, to convince thee of *Britannia's* Safety,
I'll bear thee in my rapid Car, swift o'er
The liquid Plain, where the tall Fleet o'er-looks
The Flood ; where, in their brazen Wombs of Death,
Ten thousand Horrors sleep ; which soon shall rend
The Poles, and fright the *Syrens* from their Song.
There, shalt thou see *Britannia's* Guard ; her brave,
Stout Seamen, in their Jollity of Soul,
Fearless of Danger ; and of Heart so great,
That, when their Country calls, they smile on Death ;
Scorning the Bullets wing'd for their Destruction.

(Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E VI. *A rural Scene.*

BRITANNIA, and GENIUS of England.

A I R.

I.

*My fond Shepherds, of late, were so blest ;
 Their fair Nymphs were so happy, and gay ;
 That, each Night, they went safely to Rest ;
 And they merrily sung through the Day.
 But, ah ! what a Scene must appear ?
 Must the sweet rural Pastimes be o'er ?
 Shall the Tabor no more strike the Ear ?
 Shall the Dance, on the Green, be no more ?*

II.

*Will the Flocks from their Pasture be led ?
 Must the Herds go wild straying abroad ?
 Shall the Looms be all stopt in each Shed ?
 And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road ?
 Must the Arts be all scatter'd around ?
 And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide ?
 Must Religion expire on the Ground ?
 And shall Virtue sink down by her Side ?*

G E N I U S.

Think on the Pride of *Athens* ; on the Worth
 Of *Rome* : think on the *Grecian* Glory ; on

C

The

The *Latian* Virtue : think on the bright Page
 Of thy own martial Story ; when thy Frown
 Could awe contending Pow'rs ; or when thy Arm
 Could hurl Destruction on each haughty Foe ;
 And when thy Voice could smoothe the World to Peace.
 —What, shall our *British* Isle, pave the wide way
 Of universal Empire ? and shall *Spain*
 Take more Dominions in her mighty Grasp ?

A I R.

I.

*When all the Attic Fire was fled ;
 And all the Roman Virtue dead ;
 Poor Freedom lost her Seat !
 The Gothic Mantle spread a Night,
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading Light :
 The Muses lost their Mate !*

II.

*Where should they wander ? what new Shore
 Had yet a Laurel left in Store ?
 To this blest Isle they steer !
 —Soon the Parnassian Choir was heard :
 Soon Virtue's sacred Form appear'd ;
 And Freedom soon was here !*

The

III.

*The lazy Monk has lost his Cell :
 Religion rings her hallow'd Bell ;
 She calls thee, now, by me !
 Hark ! her sweet Voice all-plaintive sounds !
 See ! she receives a thousand Wounds ;
 If shielded not by thee !*

B R I T A N N I A.

'Scap'd from the *Roman* Yoke, and *Danish* Scourge :
 Free from the *Norman* Terrors, and the Waste
 Of civil War ; why should my Children stand
 Aghast, and tremble at the Force of *Spain* ?
 Thank Heav'n ! I am again restor'd !—Away,
 Ye idle Scenes ! *Virtue* delights in Action !
 —Lead on ! for *England's* Queen shall shine in Arms,
 Glorious and happy !

G E N I U S.

—————Hark ! the sprightly Fife
 Breaks on our Ears ; the martial Trumpet sounds ;
 The Drum sends forth its Spirit-stirring Voice :
 The War is up ; and *England* is in Arms !

B R I T A N N I A.

Rome, thou shalt feel us ! and, thy Tool of Murder,
 Ambitious *Spain*, shall fall beneath my Arm ;
 Like feeble Grass, cropt by the Mower's Scythe !

E L I Z A.
B R I T A N N I A.

A I R.

I.

*With Swords on their Thighs, the bold Yeomen are seen :
For their Country they arm, their Religion, and Queen.
How glorious their Ardour, to lay down their Lives,
In Defence of their Freedom, their Children, and Wives !*

G E N I U S.

A I R.

II.

*Ye, Tyrants ! ye know not what Liberty yields :
How she guards all our Shores, and protects all our fields :
As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong ;
She's the Queen of our Mirth, and the Joy of our Song.*

III.

D U E T T O.

*To Liberty, raise up the high chearful Strain !
Fill the Goblets around, " to the Lords of the Main !"
Eliza is Queen ; and her brave loyal Band
Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land !*

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

*Eliza is Queen ; and her brave loyal Band .
Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land !
To Liberty sing ; raise the high chearful Strain !
Britannia shall still be the Queen of the Main !*

The End of the First Act.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A rocky Coast.*

N E P T U N E, and L I B E R T Y.

N E P T U N E.

B L E S T in a Train of firm undaunted Sons ;
 Whose Hearts glow with thy sacred Fire ; whose Songs
 Sound only in thy Praise : why should'st thou fear
 The Force of *Spain*, of *Tyranny*, and *Rome* ?
 Oh, fair One ! they shall feel what *Freedom's* Sons
 Can do, when *Freedom* is the glorious Stake !

L I B E R T Y.

Long have I wander'd o'er a pathless Wild ;
 But, now, I see the distant Cottage Ray,
 Which brings fresh Comfort to my drooping Soul.

N E P T U N E.

Hence, cast thine Eye, down to yon fertile Vale,
 Where *Peace* fits, lonely, in the fragrant Shade
 Of twining Woodbines : haste, relieve the fair ;
 Who lives but on thy Smile ; and whose soft Eye,
 In Sympathy, lets fall the Tear to thine.

L I B E R T Y.

Oh, gracious Pow'r ! I fly at thy Command.
 Remember, oh ! remember, and protect us !

A I R.

A I R.

*Prepare, for fight, prepare !
 Peace drops her Olive Wand,
 And lays her Chaplet by :
 The glorious Voice of War,
 Is echo'd o'er the Land ;
 And lifted to the Sky !*

*(Exeunt.)*S C E N E II. *A rural Prospect.*

P E A C E.

Oh ! falling State ; how, like a noble Pine,
 Uprooted must thou lie ! my Soul is sick ;
 My poor Heart bleeds, for hapless *England's* Fate.

A I R.

I.

*Where the Primrose decks the Well ;
 Where the moon-ey'd Fairies dwell :
 Near the solitary Thorn ;
 There, I hail the grey-ey'd Morn.*

II.

*Where the Brook, slow-winding, glides
 Round the Mountain's steril sides ;
 There, my vagrant Footsteps stray,
 Till the fervent Noon of Day.*

O'er

III.

*O'er the spreading Lawn, and Vale ;
Through the Copse, I chaunt my Tale :
Nor the shady Thicket leave,
Till bright Vesper brings the Eve.*

IV.

*While the Village Milkmaid sings ;
While the solemn Curfew rings ;
While the Plowman whistles Home ;
Ah ! how pensive do I roam ?*

S C E N E III.

PEACE, LIBERTY, and GENIUS.

L I B E R T Y.

Attend me, fair One ! With enraptur'd Hearts,
We bring the welcome Tale : our Fears are o'er !
Neptune, propitious, smiles upon our Cause :
He smooths the Flood, to give our Navy Way :
And, while *Arion*, with his sprightly Notes,
Calls on *Britannia*, Death awaits on *Spain*.

G E N I U S.

A I R.

*How glorious is the Hero's Flame ?
How truly great, the Patriot's Name ?
Such as round Eliza throng !*

Come,

*Come, to their Fame, all Honours give :
 Oh ! may their Virtues ever live,
 Immortal in the Poet's Song ?*

D U E T T O and C H O R U S.
*For Freedom is the Care of Heav'n ;
 And Conquest is to Freedom giv'n !
 Thus, shall Britannia ever reign ;
 Triumphant Mistress o'er the Main !*

P E A C E.

Then, shall the sylvan Reign again be mine !
 My Shepherds shall behold thy Face again !
 —See ! they advance : with Pleasure on each Brow ;
 As conscious of the Good the Gods intend.

S C E N E IV.

S H E P H E R D S and S H E P H E R D E S S E S to P E A C E,
 G E N I U S, and L I B E R T Y.

*A Dance ; with the following Songs by a Shepherd and
 Shepherdess.*

S H E P H E R D.

A I R.

I.

*The Wood-lark whistles through the Grove ;
 Tuning the sweetest Note of Love ;*

D

To

*To please his Female, on the Spray.
Perch'd by his Side, her little Breast
Swells with a Lover's Joy confest,
To bear, and to reward, his Lay.*

II.

*Come, then, my fair One ! let us prove,
From their Example, how to love.*

*For thee, the early Pipe I'll breathe :
And, when my Flock return to Fold,
Their Shepherd to thy Bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial Wreathe.*

S H E P H E R D E S S.

A I R.

I.

*When you gave me the Garland, and call'd me your Dear ;
When you saw me, your May-lady, crown'd for the Year ;
I flung it away ; nor would bear what you said ;
While Pan, and fair Ceres, were banish'd the Mead.*

II.

*For, with them, the soft Graces, the sweet Loves, are fled ;
And, with them, all our Pastimes, and Pleasures, are dead :
For why ? little Cupid has broken his Bow ;
And who the dear Blessings of Love can bestow ?*

Then

*Then, away throw the Sheep-hook ; and take up the Lance :
First away to the Battle ; and then to the Dance.*

Deserve us, and win us—————

C H O R U S.

————— *Kind Beauty shall pay
True Valour, at Night, for the Toils of the Day.
Exeunt Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

S C E N E V.

BRITANNIA, GENIUS, LIBERTY, and PEACE.

L I B E R T Y.

These are my Sons ; and worthy of my Reign !
Brave as the virtuous *Romans*, when they till'd
The *Sabine* Soil ; or grac'd the martial List.

P E A C E.

Such were my Daughters, when the *Attic* Field,
And *Spartan* Glebe, were cultur'd by their Hands :
While their brave Husbands fought the glorious Pass ;
And drove the *Persian* Millions o'er the Plain.

B R I T A N N I A.

Glory has only *Fortune* for its Base ;
And the rough Peasant, on the Mountain bred,
Had *Fortune* blest him, might have rivall'd *Cæsar* ;
While, for a Flock, he might have led an Army.

E L I Z A.

A I R.

*To Arms, Britons, to Arms !**Hark ! the shrill Trumpet sounds ;**And the loud Cannon roars !**Hark ! Liberty's Alarms,**In one strong Shout, rebounds**O'er Albion's sacred Shores.**(Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

*The Sea ; with a Prospect of the British Fleet ; and a
Representation of a Ship, with Sailors on the Deck.*

1st. S A I L O R.

A I R.

*Come, my Lads ! form the Ring :**Let us dance, let us sing :**Eliza's our Queen ; and Huzza !**While the Deck floats with Blood,**And we crimson the Flood,**Old England's our own ; and Huzza !*

2d. S A I L-

2d. S A I L O R.

A I R.

I.

*How blest are we Seamen ! how jovial, how gay !
 Together we fight ; or together we play.
 Our Hearts are true Sterling ; their Worth shall be seen :
 We'll fight for our Country, and die for our Queen.*

C H O R U S.

*For Plenty, and Freedom, we'll range the wide Flood ;
 And for England, old England, we'll shed our last Blood !*

A I R.

II.

*By Land, other Nations their Forces may boast :
 'Tis we, only we, can protect Britain's Coast.
 Our strong floating Castles, our loud English Guns,
 Shall convince the proud Spaniard's we're Neptune's true Sons.*

C H O R U S.

*For Plenty, and Freedom, we'll range the wide Flood ;
 And for England, old England, we'll shed our last Blood !*

A I R.

III.

*Our Admirals lead, and our Flag is let fly :
 Our Cross, like a Comet, appears in the Sky,*

Portending

*Portending Destruction !—our Sea-Lion roars ;
And his Voice, like loud Thunder, breaks full on the Shores.*

C H O R U S.

*For Plenty, and Freedom, we'll range the wide Flood ;
And for England, old England, we'll shed our last Blood.*

A I R.

IV.

*Come, bustle my Boys ! let us form the good Line.
Come, cheer up, old England ; the Day shall be thine !
Huzza, for our Country ! huzza, for our Queen !
We'll fix it's Renown, and ennoble her Reign.*

C H O R U S.

*For Plenty, and Freedom, we'll range the wide Flood :
And for England, old England, we'll shed our last Blood :
(Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

A C T

E L I Z A.

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A C T III.

S C E N E I. *A rural Prospect.*

P E A C E.

W H E R E is the Faith of Man, when Princes scorn
Those Compacts which should bind the World
in Peace ?

A I R.

I.

*The Lark her lowly Nest defends,
Where grassy Tufts conceal her Brood :
There, safe, she lies, when Rain descends ;
And scorns the Shelter of the Wood.*

II.

*But, when the rising Sun displays
His Glories on the Mountain's Brow,
Aloft, she soars ; and, sweetly, pays
Her Anthem, to the World below.*

III.

*So, while the Storm of Battle blows,
Some humble Cott should be my Seat :
For how can Peace obtain Repose,
'Till Conquest calms the troubled State ?*

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

The rural Scene continued; with Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, to Peace.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

A I R.

I.

*No more the sweet Notes of the Thrush;
Nor the Linnet's soft Airs, shall we hear:
The Thicket, the Tree, and the Bush,
Are tenantless, now, through the Year.*

II.

*Our Flocks shall no more croud the Plains;
But our Lambkins their Pastime shall cease:
And we shall, no more, see our Swains
Come crown'd with the Garlands of Peace.*

An old F A R M E R.

A I R.

I.

*When Youth's sprightly Flood,
Roll'd high in my Blood,
This Heart never sunk at a Foe.
With true British Pride,
I've oftentimes try'd
The Falchion, instead of the Plough:*

A I R

A I R and C H O R U S.

*Then England was glorious,
And always victorious!*

A I R.

II.

*And England still bears
Swains fit for her Wars;
Whose Hearts glow with Liberty's Fire.
My Girls, throw away
Your Fears, for a Day:
For Beauty can Valour inspire;*

A I R and C H O R U S.

*'Till England is glorious,
And once more victorious!*

(Exeunt Shepherds.)

S C E N E III.

P E A C E and S H E P H E R D E S S E S.

P E A C E.

A I R.

*My Swains to martial Glory throng;
Fir'd with the Love of martial Song.
The World's great Patriots they appear;
Unaw'd by Pow'r, unshook by Fear.*

E

Now

*Now, warm'd, they bear the Trumpet blow ;
And urge Destruction on the Foe.*

Come, Virgins, let us to our Woods repair,
And form the Myrtle-wreaths ; to grace the Brows
Of our returning Victors : let us raise
Our tuneful Voices, in the choral Hymn ;
And, with our Iö's, wake the sylvan Gods.

DUETTO, by PEACE and a SHEPHERDESS.

*With Roses be our Temples bound ;
With Laurels let our Swains be crown'd :
For Myrtles, Roses, Laurels, now,
Unite, to grace the Victor's Brow.*

(Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A rocky Coast, with a View of the Sea.

BRITANNIA, and the GENIUS of ENGLAND.

G E N I U S.

Let rash *Medina*, with his num'rous Host,
Confront thy Shore : in vain, his floating Tow'rs,
Stupendous, shall assail thy active Fleet ;
Where *Howard*, *Drake*, and *Hawkins*, guide the War.
In vain, shall *Parma*, on the *Flemish* Strand,
His vet'ran Legions form ; while *Belgia's* Fleet
Denies them Passage : while thy glorious Queen,

Our

Our great *Eliza*, heads her gallant Bands;
And guards that Crown his vain Ambition seeks.

G E N I U S.

A I R.

I.

*Thus, when the Wolf scours o'er the Plain,
And singles out a beauteous Deer;
The Lion comes, with stiffen'd Mane;
And the rough Wolf retreats with Fear.*

C H O R U S.

*Tyrants no Sense of Mercy have;
But the great Soul delights to save!*

II.

*Or, as the Vulture eyes a Dove,
And, swift, pursues her, for his Prey;
The gen'rous Eagle, from above,
Arrests the Vulture in his Way.*

C H O R U S.

*Tyrants no Sense of Mercy have;
But the great Soul delights to save!*

S C E N E

LIBERTY to BRITANNIA, and the GENIUS
of England.

L I B E R T Y.

Though *Fortune* guides the World with giddy Hand,
Fair *Virtue* is superior to her Pow'r ;
Climbing the Scaffold till she reaches Heav'n;
Nor wants auspicious Stars to crown her Toil.

B R I T A N N I A.

Oh ! War ; what dreadful Havock do'st thou make,
Among the fair Creation ? Tyrants call
Thy Thunders Music, and thy Plagues a Trade ;
But free-born *Britons*, though they know thee best,
Admire thee least ! Like Lions in the Fight ;
Yet, merciful as Heav'n, when thy rude Storm
Is over.

A I R.

*What Pity is it, that the Brave
Must perish, when they Freedom save ?
What Pity is it, that the Fair
Must for the Victor shed a Tear ?
Or, with the Hero's martial Fire,
The Lover's gentle Flame expire ?
For, e'er the Palm of Victory is won,
Fair Freedom loses many a gallant Son.*

S C E N E.

S C E N E VI.

NEPTUNE to BRITANNIA, LIBERTY,
and GENIUS.

NEPTUNE.

————— *Victory*, this glorious Day,
Has grac'd the *British* Ensigns ; and the Pride
Of *Spain* is sunk, or scatter'd o'er the Deep !

*The Scene changes to a Representation of the Destruction
of the Spanish ARMADA, by the English Fleet.*

NEPTUNE.

A I R.

I.

*Gallant Héroes, fond of Glory ;
Fond to be renown'd in Story ;
Rang'd their Vessels o'er the Flood.
Thunders bursting, Light'nings flying ;
Vessels blazing, Warriors dying ;
Turn'd the Waters into Blood.*

II.

*Here the Britons, Honour prizing ;
Ev'ry thought of Death despising ;
Roll'd triumphant o'er the Wave.
There, the Spaniards, vainly firing ;
By themselves, and Foes expiring,
Fly, or find a wat'ry Grave.*

GENIUS.

E L I Z A.
G E N I U S.

A I R.

*For Victory, the Britons pierce the Sky !
The Rocks return the glorious Sound :
The Mountains Victory rebound ;
And distant Vallies catch the noble Cry !*

L I B E R T Y.

Oh ! glorious Day.

B R I T A N N I A.

—————Blest Æra ! fairest Date
Of long recording *Time* !—For this, be lost
The *Roman* Fury ; *Cæsar's* Name forgot.
For this, no more shall *Hengist* be abhorr'd ;
Nor *Canute's* Scourge in sad Remembrance held ;
While the advent'rous *Norman*, finds his Name
Enroll'd among the Conqu'rors of Mankind.

L I B E R T Y.

A I R.

*The Song is now the Victor's Due ;
The Laurel should adorn his Brow.
Men, who the Steps of Gods pursue,
The Gods themselves delight to know.*

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

S C E N E VII.

A rural Scene discovered ; where the Shepherds are returned from the War ; being met by Peace, and the Shepherdesses, with Garlands.

S H E P H E R D.

A I R.

I.

*We've fought, we have conquer'd ; and now let the Bowl
Go briskly around, to replenish the Soul :
For Mars, after Battle, could never be found,
'Till Bacchus stood near him, and bath'd ev'ry Wound.*

II.

*The Vintage is prest for the Wise, and the Brave ;
For Bacchus despises the Fool, and the Slave :
And, though his rich Grapes are the Produce of Spain,
Their Wine only flows for the Lords of the Main.*

III.

*Fair Ceres, o'er England, improves her own Soil :
Then fill up the Bowl ; a Reward for our Toil !
We've bled ; and, with Wine, we'll recruit ev'ry Vein :
So, round with our Bowls, 'till we beat 'em again !*

*Shepherds and Shepherdesses retire to the
back Part of the Stage.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

BRITANNIA, GENIUS, LIBERTY, PEACE,
and NEPTUNE.

L I B E R T Y.

Oh! long, may *Britain*, like imperial *Rome*,
Defend the Nations; and her Sway extend
Far as the Ocean rolls, or Winds can blow!

G E N I U S.

Attend; *Britannia*! hear the Words of *Fate*,
Wrote in th' eternal Volume of the Sky.

“ Thy future Fame, resounding thro’ the Globe,
“ Shall, in the *Brunswick* Line, immortal grow;
“ Nor fear the Hand of *Time*: the *Spanish* Pride,
“ Again, shall be reduc’d: the *papal* Hopes,
“ Again, be dash’d: the Heav’n-commission’d Trust,
“ Of royal Pow’r, shall, in the sacred Line
“ Of *Brunswick*, to remotest Time descend,
Glorious, ann happy! *Justice* shall maintain
Her righteous Rule: *Plenty* shall crown the Land;
And thy triumphant Navy awe the Deep.

A I R.

A I R.

I.

*Happy Day ! for ever dear ;
 Brightest of the circling year :
 Smiles, like thine, can Freedom charm ;
 Glory crown, and Virtue warm.*

II.

*Peace comes smiling up to thee :
 Pleas'd, comes onward Liberty :
 Plenty, too, brings up her Band,
 Dancing o'er this happy Land.*

B R I T A N N I A.

*Auspicious Heav'n oft' tries a powerful State ;
 And, from its steady Virtue, forms its Glory :
 But, from this happy Day, let Tyrants know,
 That BRITONS, THUS UNITED, BRAVE THE WORLD.*

A I R.

I.

*Hail Glory ! like the Morning-star,
 Bring Day-light to our Hemisphere :
 For Glory is the Victor's Due ;
 And, Britons, this belongs to you.*

E L I Z A.

G E N I U S.

A I R.

II.

*Hail Honour! in thy spotless Vest,
Be Britain's Sons for ever drest.
Thine is the Hero's glorious Road ;
And well becomes the Great and Good.*

L I B E R T Y.

A I R.

III.

*Hail Virtue! let thy heav'nly Ray
Dispel the gloomy Clouds away.
Thou art the Patriot's brightest Theme ;
And Virgins live but in thy Beam.*

P E A C E.

A I R.

IV.

*Hail Freedom! to thy Shrine we bow.
Britons, to thee, their Glory owe :
And, when thy sacred Sand is run,
Britons as well might lose the Sun.*

C H O-

C H O R U S.

Hail Freedom! to thy Shrine we bow.

Britons, to thee, their Glory owe:

And when thy sacred Sand is run,

Britons as well might lose the Sun.

*On Glory, Honour, Virtue, Freedom, Fame,
Britannia builds, and shall secure, her Name.*

The E N D.

* * As some Parts of this Piece have been altered on account of the Music; there may be a few verbal Mistakes in the Copy, as it is here printed, and as set to Music, which the hurry of the Press has prevented, at present, from being rectified.

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